Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise.
To the Celestiall, my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall heare, thus in her excellent white bosome, These, &c.
Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But never doubt I love.
O deare Ophelia *I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groanes; but that I love thee best, O most best beleeve it: Adieu.* *Thine evermore most deare Lady, whilest this machine is to him,* Hamlet.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me,
And more about have his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.
Pol. I would faine prove so; but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me; what might you
Or my deare Majestie your Queen here thinke,
If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistresse thus I did bespeake:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her, That

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she tooke the fruits of my advice;
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,
And all we mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke 'tis this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know tha
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If circumstances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres toge
Here in the Lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind the Arras then,
Marke the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it. *Enter Hamle*
Queen. But look where sadly the poore wretch comes
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit K*
Ile board him presently. Oh give me leave.
How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.